

George" and instantly dropped again into the thick, gray billows of oblivion.

"They just missed theirs," said the traveler. "A launch like that must have a fool for a skipper to be out in such a fog with such seas running."

"I'm glad the 'Prince George' didn't cut her in two. Somebody would have been smashed, or drowned, or both," I replied.

"'Twould serve 'em right—what's your line?"

"My line? I have four at present. Vacation, Recreation, Information, Inspiration."

A gleam of disgust passed over the fat man's face. "You come a queer place and a queer time to get 'em, I must say."

"Do you know Yarmouth?" I asked.

"I know it a sight better than I want to know it." He was in a bad humor; so were we all—all in a bad humor. "Lobsters, lumber, fogs, fish, dismal shops and wooden ships—that's Yarmouth," he added sententiously.

"You forgot the thing I am going to see—a runic inscription on a rock."

The sentence was lost, for "Prince George" laid a lash of hideous noise five miles in length across the veiled face of the North Atlantic. Even the bride and groom ceased their whispers. My fat friend after some three miles of agony rose in disgust and waddled on his short, uncertain legs over the streaming deck to his state room. I followed shortly and flung myself, clothes and all, a saturated object of hopeless, helpless misery into my berth. My straw hat rolled all unheeded on the floor. I had not enough energy to replace it on its proper peg. Its yellow crown spoke of green fields, of summer skies, of babbling brooks and it seemed to mock me as I looked down upon it. When "Prince George" rolled to starboard, to starboard slid the hat. When "Prince George" listed to port, to port gracefully glided the yellow lid. I came to hate it for its jaunty air, its bilious color and its wholly unsympathetic attitude. I hated "Prince George," and I hated myself most of all.

Through the interminable hours of that stormy night the hollow voice of "Prince George" told his misery. I heard him even in the snatches of my troubled sleep as I rolled with him over the weltering waves. At last a faint, wet light stole through the streaming, opaque glass of the port hole. "Prince George" lurched against the green piles of the tall wharf, and I awoke to the glad intelligence that it was Saturday, the 14th, Yarmouth, and terra firma—less terror and more firmer.

Yarmouth is the child of the sea, and her sons are the offspring of ocean. Their fathers, their childhood, their education, business, wealth, food, thought, ambitions, pleasures and, alas, all too often, their graves are of the deep.

When ships were made of wood Yarmouth was the first shipbuilding town in all the world, per capita. Yarmouth masters and their brave lads sailed the seven seas. From Helsingfors to Valparaiso their flags were flown in every harbor. But when ships of steel supplanted wooden bottoms Yarmouth lost her proud pre-eminence.

Cape Sable, on the tip of New Scotland, thrusts its nose far out into the Atlantic, and Yarmouth, near the black cape, revels in fogs, the deepest, darkest, dampest, most persistent, penetrating and insinuating of fogs. The merchants ply their trade and the children go about the murky streets as cheerfully as though the dripping mid-summer noon were blessed by Italian skies of bending blue.

I hailed a ghost, who emerged into dripping reality from the mundane vapors.

"Did you enjoy the trip over?" he asked in strong Scotch accent.

"I knew no joy like the leaving of it! When my yellow hat and I emerged from the ribs of 'Prince George' we rejoiced with great joy. They tell me Nova Scotia is buckled to the rest of Canada by a ligament of land that did not crack at creation's dawn. Is that true?"

"Aye," said the cheerful Scot.

"If that ligament holds I go home through the frosty wilderness of Maine. I will not trust myself (not to mention my yellow hat) again to the mercies of 'Prince George.' How long has it been since you saw the sun?"

"About a fortnight and five or six days beside; but that's not long. I've often seen a stretch of two month without the fogs a-liftin'. If ye'll be patient the sun will shine. It always shines, sooner or later, in Yarmouth."

The most interesting single object of historic interest in the town is a fragment of stone carefully preserved in the little public library. It bears on its black, basaltic bosom a runic inscription. It is a genuine aboriginal carving which for a century has puzzled the wisest heads. Fifty years ago a Philadelphia expert declared to the scholarly world that he had deciphered it. "Harku's son addressed the men," was the legend the stone carried to posterity. After he had read the inscription (not before, mark you) he searched the long-forgotten history of the Vikings and, sure enough, in 1007 a warrior named Harku had sailed for Markland and landed in "a place where a fiord penetrated far into the country, off the mouth of which was an island, passed which ran strong currents."

The controversy over Harku now raged as furiously as the currents of the fiord. At last the stone was shipped to Norway. Learned sons of the Vikings examined it and shook their heads. It did not mean, and could not be made to mean what our Philadelphia expert had affirmed. So a genuine Yarmouth fog of doubt settled again over the famous Yarmouth inscription.

"THE HEBREW LAW OF THE TITHE IN MODERN ENGLISH."

By a Presbyterian Elder Just Back from Montreat.

The need of a statement in modern English is apparent from the fact that the Hebrew law says nothing about wages, salaries, business profits, interest, dividends, etc. It says nothing about the support of churches, missions, etc.

I have just returned from the Montreat Conference on the "Progressive Presbyterian Program."

Montreat is a great place for fellowship, instruction and inspiration. It combines within itself God's purpose in the three great annual gatherings of the Hebrews: namely, the intensely religious Passover, the thanksgiving festival of Pentecost and the Fourth of July patriotic Feast of Tabernacles. There is nothing better this side the pearly gates than the Montreat Conferences.

The discussions on the Progressive Program were remarkably free and harmonious and usually in perfect agreement. This was noticeably true when in discussing the Tithe, all alike were mistaken in their conclusions.

The statement of Chaucer in the "Priest Nonne's Tale," "The priest knew but littel of his Bibel," was abundantly illustrated, as any lawyer who had read the Mosaic Law once would have easily pointed out. The law is found chiefly in Lev. 27:30-33; Deut. 12:17-19, and 14:22-29, and Deut. 26:12-15. It is the law of the increase rather than of the income.

It requires that 10 per cent of the income, after all expenses and losses of the business have been deducted (and before the family expenses have begun), shall be set aside and used for the purposes designated in the law. Family expenses must be met and additional investments made out of the 90 per cent.

1. Many on the floor at Montreat insisted that the Mosaic law tithed the gross income, although the statement in Deut. 14:22, "Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year," is repeated in the 28th verse of the same chapter and again in Deut. 26:12, "When thou hast made an end of tithing all the tithes of thine increase."

2. And yet a platform expert stated (and his statement was not called in question) "That a business man must tithe right along every year, even if this year his business should be conducted at a loss."

3. The platform leader said that he tithes his salary and that his wife also tithes her allotment for household expenses from that same salary.

4. It was agreed to by all "That ministers must lead their flocks in the practice of tithing." While this is true of the Levites who were the teachers and lawyers and judges in Israel, the priests did not tithe, but they with their sons and daughters used their income without tithing. See Num. 18:11-13, and the "Wave and heave offerings."

5. All agreed that it is dead easy to figure the tithe on salaries, wage envelopes, fixed incomes, etc., i. e., on the face of the check. No account was taken of the fact that the Mosaic law provided an allotted home (tithe free) for each Hebrew family—a home which the father could not sell nor mortgage nor encumber permanently. And that possibly under Mosaic law in terms of modern English a young man might pay his rent out of his salary before tithing the balance.

6. In regard to the uses of the tithe which are designated in the law, no one on the platform or on the floor seemed to know of the existence of Deut. 12:17-21, "Thou mayest not eat within thy gates the tithe of thy grain or of thy new wine or of thine oil or the firstlings of thy herd or of thy flock or any of thy vows which thou vowest nor thy freewill offerings, but thou shalt eat them before Jehovah thy God in the place which Jehovah thy God shall choose thou and thy son and thy daughter and thy manservant and thy maidservant and the Levite that is within thy gates." This is repeated in Deut. 14:22f, with the addition "And if the way is too long for thee so thou art not able to carry it, because the place is too far for thee which Jehovah thy God shall choose to set His name there; then shalt thou turn it into money, and bind up the money in thy hand and shall go into the place which Jehovah shall choose and thou shalt bestow the money for whatsoever thy soul desireth, for oxen or for sheep or for wine or for strong drink or for whatsoever thy soul asketh of thee; and thou shalt eat there before Jehovah thy God and thou shalt rejoice thou and thy household." That is, the bulk of the tithe was to be used by the tither himself and his family for their regular religious expenses at the three annual feasts. In modern English, at Montreat. However, in Deut. 14:28f, and again in Deut. 26:12f, it is provided that "At the end of every three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase in the same year and shalt lay it up within thy gates; and the Levite because he hath no portion nor inheritance with thee and the sojourner and the widow and the fatherless that are within thy gates shall come and shall eat